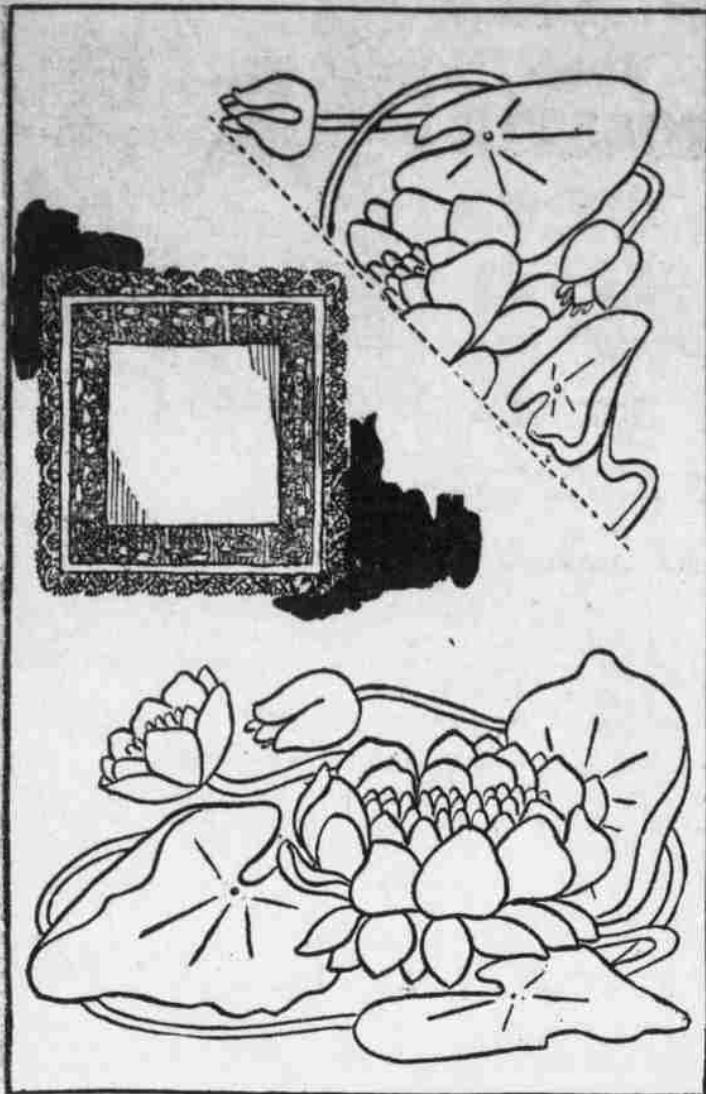


To Make Tea Cloth



Design in Outline in Old Blue on Gray Linen, with Fashionable Darned Background.

AFTERNOON tea on the porch is one of the most pleasant features possible on a summer day, and it is essential that the appointments of the tea table should be in keeping with the shady coolness of the porch. For this cloth, simple designs and materials of a rather rustic texture are the most effective, such as homespun linen, linen huckabuck and crash.

Among the most attractive of the tea cloths are those with the design outlined and the background filled in with darned stitch. Such a one is shown in the sketch. The water lily design is outlined with dark green floss, and the background filled in with a lighter shade of green—a delightfully leafy, silvery shade like June foliage. The material is a light color crash, and the Cluny lace edge is dyed to match the darker green in the embroidery.

Another equally pretty color scheme is grayish linen with outline stitch in dark old blue, darned in lighter blue, and the lace matching the darker shade.

One motif for the border and one-half of the corner are given, to be traced on the linen by means of carbon paper and a hard lead pencil. A plain, two-inch hem is put in, with a row of outline stitch five inches above it, and another row five inches below it, which forms the top of the border. Then the motifs are placed between the two rows, outlined, and the background filled in.

The cloth when completed should be one yard square, with a two-inch edge of lace for a finish. It is advisable to use a good grade of floss, so that it will not fade, and in washing it is well to put a good handful of table salt in the water to set the color. The cloth is quickly and easily made, and the result sure to be pleasing.

BLUE SERGE COSTUME.



Blue serge is very useful for costumes of this description. The skirt is quite plain, and is finished at the foot by a single row of stitching. White cloth is used for the collar and cuffs of the semi-fitting coat, which fastens down center of front by three large smoke-pearl buttons.

Hat of straw, trimmed with a wreath of flowers and two quills.

Materials required: Six yards serge 48 inches wide, one-fourth yard wide cloth, three buttons, four yards lining for coat.

IN COARSE, UNDRESSED LINEN

Serviceable Summer Suits That Are Especially Good for Street or Train Wear.

The shops have fortunately gotten far away from the cheap, glazed linen suit of some seasons ago. The usefulness of the coarse, undressed linen that does not crack and wrinkle has been found out.

This material will take the highest place for the ordinary coat suits and one-piece frocks of the day. The new colors are quite enchanting in it. The fashionable ones are purple, mulberry, Copenhagen blue, bronze and dull green.

These make serviceable suits and serve better than one-piece frocks for street and train wear. They give the chance to renew and freshen one's blouses, which cannot be done in a one-piece frock.

The styles in these dull linen suits are quite simple. When they become ornate they lose their effectiveness. They should be severely plain and tailored with even-gored or circular

NOVELTY IN HOME AQUARIUM

One That Is Made with a Picture Frame Front and Intended to Hang on the Wall.

A novelty in balanced, or self-sustaining home aquariums is made to hang up on the wall like a picture. The tank is oblong, narrow at the bottom, but wider at the top. The side to go against the wall is vertical, while the front slopes up outward, as a picture hangs, and this outer side is in fact surrounded with a picture frame.

The back and ends of this aquarium are inclosed in a metallic holder, with hooks at the top by which it may be hung, and at the back between this metallic holder and the back wall of the glass tank is inserted a picture, a landscape having at the bottom in the foreground a brook.

The bottom of the tank is covered with gravel, and set in the water is suitable vegetation sufficient to please the eye and to keep the water aerated, and then of course there are the fishes, and when you have it thus stocked you hang this aquarium up on the wall to have the effect of a picture with fishes swimming around in it.

Water.

Are you forgetting to drink the proper amount of water every day? Do you drink two glasses before breakfast?

You should. But by all that is hygienic do not take your water until your mouth has been rinsed with an antiseptic and your teeth thoroughly cleansed.

People who know tell us that an acid forms during the night in the mouth and around the teeth. This acid will decay the teeth, therefore common sense tells us it is not good for the stomach; it certainly should not be washed down there deliberately anyway.

But a cold bath for the average stomach is a tonic just as it is for the body. Try it.

Pastel Gloves.

Pale-toned gloves are being worn in Paris more than white ones for smart afternoon dress.

skirt. The tight-fitting yoke cut round or in points may be used if one's figure can stand it. The coat is cut to the knees or half way between knees and hips, is single-breasted, fastened with colored bone buttons and has flat pockets on each side.

Linen Pongee.

The linen weaves in pongee and Shantung so closely resemble the genuine silks of these names that at a short distance it is difficult to distinguish the difference. It is claimed, too, that they are actually cooler than the silks. A linen Shantung specially recommended for taller or outlying suits, or, in fact, any hard wear, is 39 cents a yard, 27 inches wide.

A linen pongee is the same price, but is finer in weave than the Shantung. This comes in stripes as well as in plain colors. A linen and cotton mixed pongee at 35 cents is very soft and pretty for children's frocks or small boy's suits.

To wear with the pongee suits there are bags of the same material, in a pretty shape, with old gold clasp and chain of old gold.

SUCCESSOR TO DIAZ

Mexico Concerned Over Coming Vice-Presidential Election.

Ramon Corral, a Protege of Diaz, and Gen. Reyes, Idol of Army, Leading Candidates Now, With Jose Limantour a Possibility.

City of Mexico.—What is quite generally conceded to be equivalent to a campaign for the presidency of Mexico is now being waged in this country, the contestants being Ramon Corral, the present vice-president, and Gen. Bernardo Reyes, governor of the state of Nuevo Leon. These men are active candidates for vice-president. The election is not until next year, and the race promises to become very exciting by that time.

President Diaz, who has agreed to accept the presidency for another term of six years, will be 80 years old September 15, 1910, and it can hardly be expected that he will live out his term of office. It is for this reason that so much importance is attached to the election of a vice-president.

The vice-presidency of Mexico was created by an amendment to the constitution six years ago, and Ramon Corral was the first man elected to that office. His election was a mere formality, as he was in reality selected for the place by President Diaz, who is said to have had him in training with the view of making him his successor. Vice-President Corral was recently renominated for the office on the ticket with President Diaz. The nomination was not unanimous, as some of the delegates to the convention insisted in voting for Gen. Reyes, and others wanted to support Jose Ives Limantour, present minister of finance, but the Corral adherents were in the majority and their candidate was nominated.

The nomination of Gen. Reyes for vice-president has not been done in the usual convention form. He has been put up for the office by means of numerous signed petitions by his friends and admirers all over the country. It was originally planned that he was to be a candidate for president, but when Diaz reconsidered his intention of not again being a candidate for the high office, it was decided that Reyes should make the race against Corral for vice-president.

The anti-American issue promises to become largely involved in this campaign. Supporters of Gen. Reyes are already making an open charge that it was through Mr. Corral that



Ramon Corral, Vice-President of Mexico.

E. H. Harriman obtained from the Mexican government a remarkably favorable concession for the railroad which he is building down the Pacific slope of Mexico, and that the great American railroad magnate will draw from the public treasury of Mexico as a subsidy for building this road more than \$10,000,000. It is claimed that Mr. Harriman has other great industrial favors to ask of the Mexican government and that he is lending his aid to bring about the election of Mr. Corral to another term as vice-president and to ultimately elevate him to the presidency.

Mr. Corral, as vice-president, performs the dual duty of minister of the interior. In this office he supervises the internal affairs of the country, in which many Americans, among them Mr. Harriman, are interested, but his friends deny that he has extended any unusual favors to any person.

Mr. Corral is unpopular with the army, and without its other support Mr. Corral, or any other ruler of Mexico, would be badly handicapped in preserving peace and order. Gen. Reyes is the idol of the army. His bravery has been proved upon many battlefields. He also has the confidence and highest respect of a large part of the business element throughout the country. It is stated that Gen. Reyes personally deprecates the fact that the anti-American issue has been injected into the campaign. During the long period that he has been constitutional governor of the state of Nuevo Leon he has always extended a warm welcome to the investment of American capital in that commonwealth. Monterey, the capital of the state and the home of Gen. Reyes, is the most Americanized city in Mexico. Many millions of dollars of American capital are invested there in smelters and other large industrial enterprises. It has been through the liberal encouragement offered by Gen. Reyes to investments of this character that has caused that city to grow and prosper to a wonderful degree.

Has Poetry Enough? Wants Wood. We have on hand more poetry than we can find room for. What we need is more wood. It is true the poetry is pretty wooden, but it doesn't fling out the warmth of oak and pine. We therefore prefer an ordinary load of wood to a cord of poetry.—Adams (Ga.) Enterprise.

Keep Character Unspotted. If you would have the respect, not to mention the confidence, of your fellows, you must keep the cloak of character virgin white; never allow its luster to be dimmed by the breath of suspicion or soiled by the mud of wrongdoing.—Dr. Madison C. Peters.

FALLIERES IN STAINED GLASS.

Portrait of French President That Arouses Criticism—Is Skillful Piece of Work.

Paris.—Charlemagne once visited the city of Le Mans and was so delighted with it that he nominated himself honorary canon of the cathedral, an appointment which Pope Clement VII. in 1583 conferred on his successors forever.

A Le Mans artist, Mr. Echivard, a designer of stained glass windows, was reminded of this fact one day by reading an account of a stained glass window in the Church of St. John at Lunenburg in which the Kaiser is depicted. He decided that the French president should no longer lack an honor that had been paid to the German emperor, and set to work on a design showing M. Fallieres, the president of the republic, and therefore, according to the artist's belief, successor to the kings as honorary canon, clothed in a canon's cope and kneeling on a devotional chair.

The modern and the archaic are allied in the design. The cope is thrown back sufficiently to show that M. Fallieres is wearing evening dress and the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. The arms of the cathedral chapter, three fleur-de-lis and three keys, are balanced by an escutcheon ornamented with the Legion of Honor and the Gallic cock.

Below is the inscription in Gothic characters: "According to tradition, Messire Armand Fallieres, eighth president of the French republic, takes



President Fallieres of France in Stained Glass.

In his quality of chief of state the title of canon of Saint-Julien of Le Mans."

Long months of work went into making the glass after the design and now that it is finished it has met with only a cold welcome. The spectacle of the president, during his term of office church and state were definitely separated, figuring as a canon seems to give pleasure to no party or section. A local art society even refused to admit the window to its exhibition, although the skill of its execution is generally admitted.

NEW NAVY YARD COMMANDER

Capt. J. B. Murdock, Former Chief of Battleship Rhode Island, Succeeds Admiral Goodrich.

New York.—Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, retired, who has been commandant of the Brooklyn navy yard since June 1, 1907, relinquished his command recently and was succeeded by Capt. Joseph B. Murdock, who commanded the battleship Rhode Island in the cruise of the fleet around the world. Capt. Murdock is the first



Capt. J. B. Murdock.

officer of his rank to be placed in command of the navy yard since 1889, when Capt. Francis M. Ramsey was the commandant.

Capt. Murdock was born at Hartford in 1851 and is a graduate of the United States naval academy. He served as executive officer on the U. S. S. Panther during the Spanish-American war. He has written a number of articles on electricity and magnetism. Rear Admiral Goodrich was born in Philadelphia in 1847 and is a graduate of the United States naval academy.

Bagged a White Tigress.

From India comes a story of an Albinot tigris: A white tigress, eight feet eight inches in length, has been shot at Dhenkansa state, Orissa. The ground color was pure white and the stripes were of a deep reddish black. The skin has been presented to the rajah of Dhenkansa, who has had it mounted and placed in his palace. The hunters of that country say that it is the only white tiger they have seen.

Wound in Heart Not Fatal.

A Geneva (Switzerland) boy, aged 15, who accidentally lodged the bullet of an air-gun in his heart, was taken to the hospital, where Dr. Girard opened the wound, extracted the ball and sewed up the heart. The victim is now out of danger.

A Great Artist.

The great artist can paint a great picture on a small canvas.—Charles Dudley Warner.

The Madness of Sari

By Prince Vladimir Vaniatsky

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"Natural!" Dicky Monvell laughed, as the punkah waved lazily over his head. "Natural! It's so natural that I can remember everything that happened back in those hazy days. That is, they were hazy until I reached here yesterday."

From the time of his arrival, 24 hours before, Dicky had attracted the attention of the dwellers in the Fort—which is English Bombay—almost, in the entire presidency of Bombay. The Times of India spoke feelingly of his return to Bombay, and the deputation of oilskin-capped Parsee gentlemen waited upon him with an elaborate address of welcome.

"Rum place, Bombay," sententious remarked one of the men.

"Eh?" queried Dicky, with an abstracted air. And the man who spoke thought Dicky's mind had wandered back to London. But Dicky, had he been asked, would have told that his thoughts were of the Bombay of ten years ago. His eyes wandered out over Bombay harbor, where the lights of innumerable vessels twinkled, and where a blaze of deck light and white sides proclaimed the presence of a foreign man-of-war.

"She's an American cruiser on her long way to the Asiatic station," remarked one of the men in a conversational tone. "There is an Admiral Blank on her—she's going out to take command. We'll just have him over—eh?—for an exchange of courtesies."

"Charmed," returned Dicky, with his mind yet back in the dead past along the road to Poona, a little native house, and a Hindu girl, and a voice thrilling with the love-songs that lured him.

Then when at the Royal Yacht club Sir Richard met the American admiral it was to hear him exclaim in his hearty tones:

"Monvell, Monvell!"

"Sir Richard Monvell," explained one of his old friends of a decade past.

"Oh, yes, Monvell," ruminated the American admiral, regardless of the title. "There was a chap of that name—a sub-lieutenant in the gun-room of the Bellegarde of her majesty's navy when I was a midshipman on the Quinnebaug these many years ago. Know him?"

"Right-o," cried Dicky, "that was my dad!"

"Well, do you take after him?" asked the admiral, with a quizzical smile.

"Of course, I can't touch the old boy in anything," loyally replied Dicky.

"In those days," said the admiral, "he was rather—well, wild. No offense intended, you know."

"Wild, was he? He was always in trouble over women and things like that," and Dicky smiled genially at the thought of his father's gayeties. Those of us who take pride in family are even proud—in a way—of our family vices."

"I'm expected up at Government house for a sort of a song and dance act. Suppose I'll see you there. Here's an A. D. C. who was to meet me and take me up to Malabar hill. Glad to have met you, Sir Richard."

The admiral held out his hand and turned to meet the governor's aide-de-camp.

"What's going on?" Dicky asked, as he watched, for the second, the stalwart back of the American admiral, with the gold on his uniform aglitter as he passed from the Royal Yacht club. "I've had a bid—do you still call them 'commands' out here?"

"Well, yes, rather," replied Fitz John, "but they're beastly bore and put one in a nasty humor with the present governor. He goes in for engaging native talent. Fancy! When he first came out he had us all up to see a troop of native magicians. Usual old stunts—cobra and all that sort or rot. Just fancy!"

"That the bill for to-night? If it is—"

"No, oh, no. This time it is a wonderful contralto—chocolate color, of course. She's a Bombay Hindu woman who has had some experience with Europeans. Some musical artist found she possessed a voice, and the result was Marchesi, La Scala, Dresden, and the rest. Woodhull has heard her. Say, there, Woody, any voice?"

"Ripping!" answered Woodhull; "never realized her power until she sang her last song—a Hindu love song—queer stuff. Made me feel lumpy around the throat, though I'm reputed to have whiteleather for a heart."

"Then I'll go," said Dicky, "so that his excellency will not consider that I have slighted him."

The trio sidled inside and took some chairs in an obscure corner. Sir Richard Monvell glanced over the people with an indifferent gaze. He looked at the singer, who was standing in an affected pose waiting for the accompaniment to begin. She was of good figure, but a hideous dress of orange-colored satin gave the powder and rouge that lay thickly on her dusky cheeks a disgusting accentuation, and made her even more hideous.

The key-note fell. And she sang, in a deep, rich contralto—with an accent that brought Dicky to wondering—a French chanson of the seventeenth century. So marvelous were her intonations that Dicky could see the brocade of La Belle Margulise. Then he split his tight, white gloves applauding.

"She'll sing that Hindu love song now," said Woodhull, who had just joined the trio and had helped in the applause.

In its expectation the ballroom became deathly silent.

Then she sang—sang until Dicky felt the world swimming before his eyes—sang until Dicky's throat closed as though a strong hand had gripped it. Then he remembered a little house far out on the white road to

Poona and a Hindu girl. That was her song. The song she had made for him out of the fullness of her love, out of the joy of life, out of the breath that came from the nostrils of love. But how came this hideous creature to sing it? Then Sir Richard was no longer the man of importance, the wearer of titles and honorable names, but the subaltern, the Dicky who was snubbed by Molly Burke, and the Hindu girl again sang like the bulbul to him of her love.

It was over. The applause brought many white gloves to the beggars, split.

After the affair Sir Richard went to meet her with the spirit of Dicky, the subaltern, hungering for the Hindu girl's song of love. He went half willingly, half unwillingly.

Then, beneath the rouge and powder, apart from the hideous gown of orange and black, Dicky—who was now the subaltern—saw the little Hindu girl. She acknowledged the introduction with a peculiar grace. Her voice was low and musical.

Later when Sir Richard reached his chambers he was not surprised to find a note awaiting him. It was hastily scrawled on Government house paper.

"If you will ask for me at the Taj Mahal," it ran, "you can see me to-night." But the signature was a queer little thing in Hindustanee. Ah, how familiar!

When Sir Dicky had walked feverishly over the few feet of ground between the club chambers and the Taj Mahal hotel he found himself asking, in a queer, throaty voice, for Mme. Martinez.

"Sir Richard Monvell? Madam Martinez sent word that you were to be shown into her private parlor."

Dicky found himself alone in the room. He looked around it. Auto-graphed photographs of Melba, Eames, Flancon, Chaminade and Paderewski were there, but in a great frame of carved Burmese silver there was a photograph of the Dicky Monvell of ten years ago.

Then, like a whirlwind, a native woman came into the room. Her bare, dimpled knees and slender, graceful ankles showed beneath native garments.

"Dicky!" she moaned, and fell sobbing at his feet. Her golden anklets were almost the color of her brilliant skin, and the heavy bracelets that clinked about her wrists were the same for which Dicky had borrowed money of the Parsee to pay. But her throat, her beautiful, statuesque throat, was bound, as it had been that evening at Government house, in a swathing of chiffon and glittering sequins.

Dicky succumbed. All the thoughts of ten years ago came back with her sobbing voice, her bewilderment, her presence. He took her in his arms—the sharp edge of a bracelet cut his hand. The Hindu girl laughed.

"See, Dicky, I have cut mine, too." She laughed again as she drew the bracelet across her other hand. "Foolish!" he cried, and he lifted the cut hand to his lips. She snatched it away. But her smile was the smile of the blessed ones. Then she seized his hand and placed her lips to the scratch and drew from it the blood that ran.

When the morning came Dicky bent over her. Her face was flushed with fever, her irregular breathing startled him. He called her:

"Sari! Sari! Are you ill?"

She smiled in a dazed way.

"Dicky, I shall die to-day—or tomorrow, perhaps. See!" She tore the fanciful conceit of chiffon from her neck. The beautiful throat was horribly swollen.

"I knew you would be at Government house last night. And there I sang my Schwanlieder. I knew I should meet you." She caught him convulsively to her breast. "Oh, Dicky! Dicky! What did I do in my madness? Tell me, it is not in your blood too!"

"What does it matter?" Dicky asked as he bent over and kissed her.

"Tien!" exclaimed Prince Euxine. "Bombay! It is horrible! It is a horrible place there! They have the plague—the bubonic plague—and the finest singer of the Indies died of it. And my best friend, Lord Dicky, is lying below with my doctors hovering over him. No, it is not the plague he has—no, not quite—we got him away in time to save him. I would not go there again for twenty million rubles. I? No, not I."

Floors and Faces.

"If you would paint the floor of this room," suggested the woman to the wine merchant, "and make it the color of the woodwork around the walls, it would be beautiful. Then you could just get Max to oil it with a wax oil soap, as I do mine, and it would shine. Why don't you?"

"Because," answered the wine merchant, "I'd rather know it was clean when Max cleans it. He scrubs it with soap and water three times a week, then we are sure it is clean. If I had it painted, I wouldn't know it. A painted floor is like a woman's face that is painted instead of washed well with soap and water. You never know when a woman's face is clean when she paints it. Do you?"

"Don't ask me," the woman cried.

Union to Develop South Africa.

A South African National union has been formed in London, and 12 branches have been formed throughout South Africa. The union is independent of politics and will develop trade and industry.

"If you are between the evil one and the deep sea, you'd better climb the nearest telegraph pole and send for the minister."

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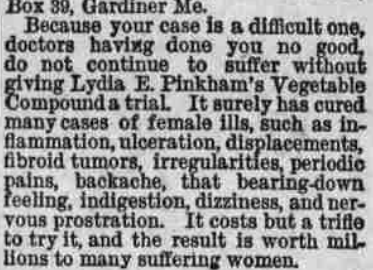
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—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 93, Gardiner, Me.

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PLAIN TALK.



"I think she's double-faced!" "Oh, don't say that! One face like hers is bad enough!"

Time to Change Subject.

The Courier-Journal tells of this embarrassing statement made by a well-known Louisville woman who is known as "saying things without thinking." Her daughter was entertaining a young man on the front porch and the mother was standing at the fence talking to the neighbors. In the yard of the latter was a baby a little over a year old, and it was trying to walk. "You shouldn't let it walk so young," advised the thoughtless matron. "Wait until it's a little older. I let my daughter walk when she was about that age, and it made her bow-legged." The young man began to talk energetically about the weather.

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